

THE WINCHESTER WEEKLY APPEAL.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER---DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LOCAL INTERESTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, MECHANISM, EDUCATION---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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From the Cincinnati Times.
Knowing what is Conscientiously Right, but doing what is Conscientiously Wrong.

The doctrine of expediency is perhaps the most foreign to the welfare of the American government of any that has ever been introduced to the consideration of an enlightened people. Taken in its most liberal sense, it is nothing more than knowing what is conscientiously right, and doing what is conscientiously wrong. Having its origin in a desire for triumph without any consideration of principle, it never can and never should, under a just dispensation, succeed in the accomplishment of its object. Sacrificing everything to a malignity that is unjustifiable when excited against any avowed system, it is dangerous in the tendency it exhibits, and presents as results what every true American will shrink from when taken in connection with what the true interests of the country require.

We refer to this spirit in connection with the feeling manifested by some persons in regard to the election of Millard Fillmore. Openly avowing that they would prefer the election of the American candidate to that of any other man, recounting his former instances of pure and unaltered patriotism, lauding in the highest terms his previous administration, and holding it unequalled by that of any others since the days of Washington, they will many of them proclaim their preference for such a candidate, and yet say they must cast their vote for either Buchanan or Fremont, because they fear Fillmore cannot be elected.

We know of no language that will sufficiently convey our estimation of the insignificance of that soul that would urge this worse than nonsensical excuse. It bespeaks for its author a poverty of spirit that will not allow him to sacrifice petty prejudices to high and ennobling principles, that would array sectional jealousies against his country's welfare, and he stands on the unwarrantable position of the man that would sacrifice his own family to preserve the life of one of his neighbors.

Taking another view of it, we would hold that whatever a man believes to be conscientiously right, that should he do. Whenever he departs from this principle he becomes in this case a political trickster, working for the sake of power or place, a political knave laboring for the spoils, or a blinded dupe in the hands of those who are using him for their own selfish purposes.

The doctrine of whatever may be, will be right, however correct it may be in matters where a divine power exercises the governing influence, when brought into a political warfare, to the perpetuation or abolishment of temporal issues, loses its force and power either in the past or present; and it will require a different kind of sophistry from the political priest-hood to convince the people, than that used by the same persons in the pulpit in the furtherance of their religious doctrines.

Right is right—whatever is not right is wrong; and all the labors of time and

eternity can never overthrow the undying truth that is expressed in the sentiment. That man who will proclaim that he holds the election of Millard Fillmore to be just and right in the present crisis, wrongs the judgment with which God endowed him, if he refuses to cast his vote for him. That man who consults his own experience and feels that the Government at the present time should only be trusted to the hands of one who has proved himself sufficient for the emergency, and from this reasons that conscientiously he should give him his vote, and then refuses to do so, acts contrary to the dictates of that reason, and by the act avows himself devoid of reason.

"Be sure you're right, then go ahead." No truer principle was ever laid down for the government of any man. Was it strictly adhered to by the masses, those political tricksters who have governed the country for many years would long ago have departed. The Chases, Giddings, Wades, Toombs, and Douglasses, would long ago have been consigned to that grave of oblivion from which prejudice and passion could have never resurrected them; they would be among the things that were, and peace and prosperity would reign where discord and contention now prevail.

If the election of Millard Fillmore would be right in view of the inestimable qualities of the man—it would be right in view of his impartial administration in the past—if it would be right in view of what the necessities of the country demand—then let the right triumph. None but cravens, who have no confidence in the justice of their cause, cry out that defeat must ensue before the battle begins. None but those who are filled with the most unyielding vanity suppose for a moment that their fellows cannot see and appreciate what is so evident to themselves.

Then let us hear no more of this poor excuse. Neither for the sake of the cause you pretend to uphold, the principles it espouses, nor for your own conscience's sake, let us hear any more of this poor, pitiful evasion. Be a true friend or an open enemy.

What the President of the Cincinnati Convention said of Millard Fillmore in '54.

The Southern people, at least most of them, remember that after the close of his glorious Administration, Millard Fillmore visited many of the Southern States. At Savannah, Ga., 1854, he was met and addressed by Hon. John E. Ward, in the language quoted below. And who was John E. Ward? He was the President of the Cincinnati Convention, and spoke as hundreds of others in the democratic party spoke and thought at that time, and as most of them think now, though not honest enough to admit the fact.—How the democrats of Franklin county have changed since they, a few ago, lauded Fillmore in even higher terms than the Hon. John E. Ward! After alluding to the strife and bickering that existed in our land, Mr. Ward said:

"IT WAS YOUR LOT TO BREATHE THAT STORM, AND BID ITS MUTTERINGS CEASE, and to do that you must turn away from the crowds of flatterers to tread the lonely path of duty.—With your robes of office as with a peny of ice, you wrapped yourself from all the prejudices of earlier years and from all the temptations which then surrounded you. Untroubled by threats, unswayed by clamors, you held in your steady course, preserved the Constitution of your country, gave peace to the land we love, and repose to the institutions which we cherish, illustrating to the world that 'peace had its victories no less renowned than war's'."

A good story is told of a store being broken open one night, but, strange to say, nothing was carried off. The proprietor the next morning was making his brag of it, at the same time expressing his surprise at losing nothing.

"Not at all surprising," said his neighbor; "the robbers lighted a lamp, didn't they?"

"Yes," was the reply.
"Well," continued his neighbor, "they found your goods marked up so high that they could not afford to take them!"

Wicked and Treasonable.

The Mobile Advertiser, in replying to the declaration of the Mobile Register, a democratic paper, that "the whole Fillmore movement in the South is wicked and treasonable," has the following which is not without interest here in this latitude. It says:

"The Fillmore movement in Alabama, as well as in every other State of this Union, is a movement for the preservation of the Union and the Constitution as they were formed by our fathers; a movement against the agitation of slavery by those who have no business with it, and are not interested in it; a movement against sectionalism and all mere sectional candidates; a movement to put down all disunionists, fanatics and agitators, North and South; a movement to secure the rights of the South in the Union by maintaining the Constitution in all its force and vigor as it was transmitted to us by its framers—in short, a movement for the perpetuity of the Union. To this end, they are supporting a candidate who boldly declares: 'I never can consent to be one thing to the North and another to the South.' 'I know only my country, my whole country, and nothing but my country.' To support such a man is 'wicked' and 'treasonable,' is it? Ah, it is, undoubtedly, in the estimation of those whose lives have been spent in laboring to dissolve the Union—striving to weaken the ties that bind together its various parts. The disunionists of the South, as well as the abolitionists of the North, doubtless, look upon every movement, the effect of which is to detach their 'wicked' schemes of disunion, as 'treasonable.' The election of Mr. Fillmore would destroy forever all their cherished hopes; hence, in their eyes, 'the whole Fillmore movement' is 'wicked and treasonable.' The Mobile Register, however, is the first paper, North or South, which has had the unblushing audacity to put the statement on paper."

THE VILLAGE COURTSHIP.

Toppler at the window,
Peeping over the sill—
"The really most surprising thing
The never seems to mind;
"Two only years ago,
As in the dark we sat,
My mother said to me, 'My child,
'Pray, Mary, what is this?'
"What that, I asked, you certain
How much she said, I never
Near me, I saw her smile,
Where of they love their heart.
"Yet there he is—see him!
The look his shadow throws
Across the window-pane—
How strange and full of gloom!
How strange the look of tapping,
Or feeling any pain.
"A look, I thought even the slightest,
Is more than looking in;
"I said—'Would any think it?
He never looks to mind,
'In every look of his,
He thinks my mother said.
"The girl, I trust, is to him
As mine now to me counts
The door fast shut;
If he is to be left,
'Tis well if from the door step
He be not shortly hurled—
Oh, now, there's a new trouble
'Till he is in the world
Tapping at the window,
And peeping over the sill;
Oh, now, that's a new trouble,
And that we must find it!"

What a Chance.

We are informed that Toombs and Cobb have returned from Pennsylvania "disgusted." They say there is no chance for Buchanan in that State, and they are now "right in" for the formation of a secession party, in case Fremont is elected. What patriots they are! The house is on fire—a noble party is striving, and with the assistance of the rest of the inmates on the same floor, could certainly succeed in quenching the flames. But no, these immaculates leave the kindling flames, and go to erecting a canvas tent, which, if not fired by flying faggots from the house, and immediately consumed, has no strength to stand the storms and tempests that now roar in the distance.

These men of Neptune of old, seem determined, if they cannot name and govern Africa, to ruin it. These men, and nearly all the leading Democrats in the South, have said that Fillmore is a safe man—that his administration was just and equitable to all sections, and yet, though they despond electing their own candidate, they refuse to unite on him, and thereby make certain the election of Fremont. The candid of all parties now concede that Fillmore will carry New York and California. Now, if the whole South would unite on him it secures his election. Let every man look at this subject calmly and cast his vote conscientiously. One vote may decide Georgia, and even who shall be President. How important then that every one should act wisely.—Rome Courier.

THE HEART'S GUEST.

When age has cast its shadow
Over life's declining way,
And the evening twilight gathers
Round our departing day—
Then we shall sit and ponder
On the dim and shadowy past,
Within the hearts still chambers
The mists will gather fast.
The friends in youth we cherished
Shall come to us once more,
Again to hold communion
As in the days of yore.
They may be young and smiling,
They may be young and fair,
But the heart will have its chambers,
The guests shall gather there.
How shall it be my sister?
Who, then, shall be my guest?
How shall it be, my brother,
When life's shadow on us rests?
Shall we not, 'midst the silence,
In accents soft and low,
Then hear familiar voices,
And words of long ago?
Shall we not see dear ones,
Sweet smiling, and of old?
Till the mists of this still chamber
Are swept aside or fold?
When we leave out its shadows
'Tis the declining way,
And the evening twilight gathers
Round our departing day."

A Picture of Disunion.

In his farewell address to his countrymen upon retiring from the Presidency, Andrew Jackson, the patriot, statesman and hero of the Hermitage, said:
"What have you to gain by division and dissension? Beware not yourselves with the hope that the breach once made, would be afterwards easily repaired. If the Union is once severed, the separation will grow wide, and wider, and the controversies which are now debated and settled in the halls of legislation, will be tried in the field of battle and determined by the sword. Neither should you deceive yourselves with the hope that the first line of separation would be a permanent one."
* * * Local interests would still be found there, and unhastened union. And if the recollection of common dangers, in which the people of these United States have stood side by side against the common foe—the memory of victories won by their united valor—the prosperity and happiness they have enjoyed under the present Constitution—if all these recollections and proofs of common interest are not strong enough to bind us together as one people, what tie will hold united the new divisions of empire when these hands have been broken and this Union dissolved? The first line of separation would not last long—new fragments would be torn off—new leaders would spring up—and the great and glorious Republic would soon be broken into a multitude of petty States, armed for mutual aggression—loaded with taxes to pay to army leaders—seeking aid against each other from foreign powers—insulted and trampled upon by the nations of Europe, until, harassed with conflicts and humbled and debased in spirit, they would be willing to submit to the dominion of any military adventurer, and to surrender their liberty for the sake of repose."

Economy is the art of drawing in as much as one can, but unfortunately young ladies will apply this "drawing in" to their own bodies when they wish to avoid anything like a waist!

The sanctity of the domestic hearth, and the beautiful relations of marriage, founded upon true and reciprocal love, should ever be inviolate; and the blazing torch of the incidents of wedlock, accompanied by vulgar immodesties and to some allusions, must be as painful to every delicate or even decent mind, as they are foreign to the character of every gentleman.

It is an incontestable fact that none but the rich and geniuses have the right to be dirty. Fifty thousand dollars will cover a multitude of patches and disguise a world of filth and moral pollution.

Addison said, "Keep a stiff rain."—Young America somewhat indignantly but more nervously commands—"Keep a stiff upper lip!"

Without deliberation and prudence, the faster we go the further we may go out of the way.

Modesty is not only an ornament but a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling in the soul, which makes it shrink from everything that has danger in it. It is such an exquisite sensibility as warns her to shun the first appearance of everything that is hurtful.

The Man of the People.

A friend, who was an eye witness of the following incident, says the Raleigh Register, narrated it to us as an illustration of genuine love for humanity. The principal actor in the scene doubtless never expected that it would have attracted attention, or have been made the subject of a newspaper paragraph; but it is so characteristic of true nobleness, that we produce it in the words of the narrator:

"In the year of 1851 I chanced to be one of a party who were taking an evening ride in the suburbs of the City of Washington. On nearing one of the cemeteries, the attention of one of our party was attracted by a female, with three small children sent near the closed gate. She seemed deeply afflicted, and her miserable apparel, and that of the little ones, told a tale of suffering which was truly distressing.

We had gone but a short distance when the person, whose situation had been arrested by them, ordered the driver to turn, and drive to the place where they were seated.

Descending from the carriage, he approached the woman and inquired the cause of her sorrow.

In a plain and simple style she told her story thus:
"Two years before, her husband left her home to find a better one in America. He had worked very hard, and had saved money, enough to send for his family, and had a small home prepared to receive them.

That day had arrived, but, alas! not to meet the glad husband and father; for, two days previous, he had fallen from a scaffold, where he was at work, and now, said she, pointing to the gate, he is there.

I've come out, with my little ones, to see the grave that it's too late. The gate is shut and we must come back to-morrow. The poor woman was quite overcome, and the children shrieked aloud at beholding their mother's grief.

With you take a seat and ride home! said the gentleman. O thank you, thank you, sir, but I could not think of it. He insisted; and taking one of the forlorn little creatures in his arms, he placed it inside the carriage. The mother and remaining two children followed. Our friend took a seat beside the driver and ordered him to drive as the woman had directed. The little ones soon dried their tears, and entertained us by their innocent prattle, the youngest one often asking if we were going to take him to his father.

A half hour's drive brought us in front of a poor little hovel, which the woman said would be home, if Jimmy were there. Assisting the party out, our hero conducted them to the door; then drawing forth his card he asked the woman's name. "Bridget Murphy," said she.

Writing it on the blank side, he handed it to her with a bank bill saying "when you need more, send that card to me;" then, bidding her a kind good night, he took his seat, and we rode in silence to our respective lodgings.

That man was Millard Fillmore, the President of the United States."

"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak," said a loafer.

"Because they are in a weak place," said a bystander.

A young gentleman at a ball, in whisking at the room, ran his head against a lady. He began a kind of dandy-like apology for his head-work.

"Not a word, sir," said the lady, "it is not hard enough to hurt anybody."

Dandy disappeared among the crowd.

An honest farmer having a number of men hoeing in the field, went to see how his work went on. Finding one of them sitting still, he inquired the cause. The man answered:

"I thirst for the spirit."

"Give you mean, I suppose," said the farmer; "but if the Bible teaches you to thirst after the spirit, it says also, 'Hear every one that thirsteth.'"

A vast majority of the human race spend all their lives and employ their whole mind in getting enough to eat and drink.

Laziness travels so slow that poverty soon overtakes her.

An old maid is like an old boot, of no use without its fellow. An old bachelor ditto.

We do not accept as payment a peaceful conscience, self-content, or a good name among men—treasures that are more precious than any other—but the value of which we do not feel till after we have lost them.

Profit is the crown of labor.

The Dying Mozart.

Wolfgang Mozart, the great German composer, died at Vienna in the year 1791. There is something beautiful and touching in the circumstances of his death. His sweetest song was the last, the Requiem. He had been employed upon this exquisite piece for several weeks, his soul filled with the richest melody, and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving it its last touch and breathing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time as the "symphony strain," he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length the light footstep of his daughter Emelie awoke him.

"Come hither," said he, "my Emelie—my task is done, the Requiem—my Requiem is finished."

"Say not so, my dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him as tears stood in her eyes. "You must be better—you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow upon it—I am sure we will nurse you well again—let me bring you something refreshing."

"Do not deceive yourself, my love," said the dying father, "this wasting form can never be restored by human aid. From heaven's mercy alone do I look for aid in this my dying hour. You spoke of refreshment—take these here, and sing with them the hymn of your sainted mother; let me once more hear those sainted tones which have been so long my solace and delight."

Emelie obeyed, and with a voice enriched with tenderest motion, sung the following stanzas:

Spirit thy labor is over!
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortal's begun.

Spirit look not on the strife,
Or the pleasures of the earth with regret,
Pause not on the threshold of limited life,
To mourn for the day that is set.

Spirit! no fetters can bind,
No wicked have power to molest,
There the weary like the wretched shall find
A heaven, a mansion of rest.

Spirit! how bright is the road
For which thou art now on thy wing,
Thy home will be with thy Savior and God,
Their loud hallelujah to sing.

As she concluded, she dwelt for a moment upon the low, melancholy notes of the piece, and then turned from the instrument to meet the approving smile of her father. It was the still passionless smile which the wrapt and joyous spirit left—with the seal of Death upon his features.

We learn from a reliable source that there resides in Johnsonville, Williamsburg district, a lady by the name of Singleton, who is 136 years of age. She is a native of the Georgetown district, was a grown young lady at the time of Braddock's defeat, and can remember many incidents of the Revolutionary war. She has been perfectly blind for thirty years, but can walk about the house and yard with no other assistance than a walking stick.

Buchanan at Home.

His own County and Township against Him!!

Read the following special despatch to the New York Express, from Philadelphia.

LANCASTER, Oct. 16.
Our County gives the Union Ticket about five thousand majority. Buchanan's own township goes against democracy by thirty-three votes. There is great rejoicing among the Union men.

The Louisville Courier, one of the bitterest and most unscrupulous Buchanan journals of the South, publishes in its editorial column a letter from "a Kentuckian down East," in which it is said:

"Everybody in New England is for Fremont. Here and there you will find a sick Buck or a Fillmourner, but not enough to count. From appearances, Col. Fremont will get every Northern State, unless it be New York, which will go for Fillmore. Buchanan can get the rest and be beaten, and the South will go to the devil, or dissolution, or both."